The Bystander, July 25, 1917

The BYSTANDER

THE JUNKER'S JOY-RIDE

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
CHARLES HAWTREY, MRS. LESLIE CARTER, BILLY MERSON, "THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET," Songs by RUDYARD KIPLING, Music by SIR EDWARD ELGAR, who will conduct; CARLTON, and Varieties. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
(The Revue starts at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.)
"ZIG-ZAG!"
Production by Albert de Courville.
SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEORGE ROBEY, Alec Fraser, Cicely Debenham, George Clarke, Daphne Pollard, Phyllis Bedells, Etc. Ger. 650.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, July 23.
DAN ROLYAT, JACK & EVELYN, LORNA & TOOTS POUNDS, JACK PLEASANTS, JOE BOGANNY & CO., AMY EVANS, FRED BARNES, VERA WOOTTON, NIXON GREY, HIAWATHA.

DALY'S. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production. EVENINGS, at 8.
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Pop Cory, Klit Gaarde, Mabel Sealby, and JOSE COLLINS. Mats., Tues., Sats, and Aug. 6 at 2.

GARRICK THEATRE. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30.
Albert de Courville's new successful Revue,
"SMILE!"
"There are three great successes in London—this is one."
Ger. 9513.

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

(EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT).

Principal Office: Nos. 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 2

will pay to the legal personal representative of the bonâ-fide holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket:

£2,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident within the United Kingdom to a railway-train, public omnibus, tramcar, or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a ticket or pass) bearing or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger; Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury such holder:

£1,000 for the loss of Two Limbs by actual separation at or above the wrist or ankle; or

£500 for the Loss of One Limb as above defined.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz:

1. That such death or loss shall occur within thirty days after and as the direct and sole result of the injury.

2. That notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident.

3. That medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation.

4. That such holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in ink or pencil in the space provided underneath, and that this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket so signed, shall be forwarded to the Corporation with the notice of injury or death.

5. That this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket associated with this publication for any one holder, and holds good only from midnight of Monday the 23rd day of July, 1917, until midnight of Wednesday, the 1st day of August 1917

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Signature of holder.....

This Coupon does not insure against War Risks.

"BYSTANDER" SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

	United Kingdom.	Canada.	Elsewhere Abroad.
12 Months (52 Nos.) (and Christmas No.) ..	£1 15 0	£1 19 6	£2 2 0
6 ,, (26 Nos.) ..	£0 17 6	£1 0 0	£1 1 0
3 ,, (13 Nos.) ..	£0 9 0	£0 10 0	£0 10 6

Shorter periods *pro rata*

Under Co...

P & O and British India

Mail and Passenger Services.

Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.

TICKETS INTERCHANGEABLE. Return Tickets by P. & O. to Ports East of Suez, at a Fare and a Half, available for 24 Months.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA, NEW ZEALAND (via PANAMA CANAL).

Australian Tickets interchangeable by Orient Line.

For particulars of Sailings, apply P. & O. and BRITISH INDIA Passenger Dept., 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. 3; or 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C. 2, London.

BRITISH INDIA COMPANY.—For general information apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C. 2.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)

FOUNDED 1851.

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.

Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.

Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

DEVELOPING or PRINTING.

The best possible got out of every negative and every print—every time. No waiting. Any size. 1/- for 12 exposures, 6d. for 6. Prints or Postcards, 1d. Cameras bought or exchanged. Martin, Photographers Chemist, S'hampton.

NOW OPEN

The Second Exhibition of

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

BY

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

Published in "The Bystander"

entitled

"Fragments from France"

A FEW OF HIS BEST KNOWN ORIGINALS ARE ON SALE.

PRICES MODERATE.

APPLY AT ONCE.

ADMISSION FREE. "The Graphic" Gallery,
Hours ... 10 to 6. 190, Strand,
Saturdays... 10 to 1. London, W. C. 2.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Welcome "Windsors"

Lots of people know the right thing to do, but a good many of them don't do it. The King is not one of this latter class. Ever since his "Wake up, England!" speech of ever so long ago he has shown himself far more in touch with, and even in advance of, popular feeling than his Ministers; and in his latest decision to cut out every possible bit of Germanism from himself and his family he has set an example which many in less exalted positions might well follow. If ever there was a democratic King, it is George of Windsor. And if it became desirable to abolish two of the three Estates of the Realm to-morrow, I'm not at all sure that even in these days of upheaval the country wouldn't sooner dispense with the Lords and the Commons than the King.

The New Chancellor

Dr. Michaelis got quite a "good Press" for his first speech. He reassured his audience, and they certainly wanted reassuring; but his optimism was rather reminiscent of the man who, falling off the roof of a skyscraper, remarked (*en passant*, so to speak) to a horror-stricken friend at a sixth-storey window that he was "all right—up to now." Dr. Michaelis, however, did not condescend to explain how it was that Germany, vitally threatened (as he said) by the mobilisation of Russia, as the one obvious method of protection promptly invaded—Belgium! He also showed that the Boche does not really learn from experience, since he pooh-poohed the entry of the U.S.A. into the war. "The U.S.A. has no army, and if there were an army, there are no ships to bring them over in. Don't worry about America." Didn't we hear much the same thing about the British Empire three years ago?

ANOTHER BAD "MARK"

Changes in the Cabinet

All last week the papers seethed with indignation at the restoration of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Montagu to office. But, in the regrettable absence of Lord Northcliffe, the thunderstorm fizzled out into a display of summer lightning, and the two politicians, breathing a little heavily, have got back to the end and aim of politicians—power and pelf. Popular indignation will doubtless be assuaged by the assurance given to it by Mr. Churchill himself that he is a very fit man for his post; and, indeed, his tact, his modesty, his urbanity, his ready self-effacement, and his strong desire to defer to the opinions of those who may have even a slight acquaintance with the particular matter in hand should all help to make him an ideal Minister to deal with the great trade unions employed under the Ministry of Munitions. Mr. Montagu has not, up to the time of writing, promulgated his reasons for accepting office; but Mr. Austen Chamberlain has been observed to smile again.

General-Admiral Geddes

It is a relief to turn to the other changes in the Cabinet. With the advancement of Sir Edward Carson to the "Five," the post of First Lord of the Admiralty goes to one who has proved himself a thoroughly capable administrator—Sir Eric Geddes. The new First Lord cannot be said to be the exact antithesis of the ordinary successful politician, who has only to fail gracefully (or even disgracefully) in one office to be moved to another of greater importance; because he, too, moves from office to office with considerable rapidity. But in his case the move is effective, because his grasp of the situation and his power of "getting things done" are so decisive that his work in each case is quickly accomplished, and not only quickly, but with the best possible effect. His career is one of the romances of a most unromantic war.

"Arising Out of that Answer"

One day last week the Speaker, with characteristic kindness and a *soupçon* of indignation, intervened on behalf of Mr. Macpherson, the Under-Secretary for War, who was being put through his daily heckling by the usual crowd of members who "want to know, you know." Mr. Speaker described Mr. Macpherson as a "very hard-worked Under-Secretary," and that this was a true description nobody would deny; but it is equally true that he makes a lot of his hard work for himself. For example, he had first of all replied that it was impossible for him to say "off-hand" how many of our own airmen had perished in the raid of July 7, and a few days afterwards refused the information on the ground that it was not in the

(Continued on page 158)

Official photograph

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD

This interesting group shows the King and Queen on their recent visit to the Western front, and includes the Prince of Wales, President and Madame Poincaré, Lord Bertie, and Sir Douglas Haig

public interest to give it, and then, a few days later again, gave it in full. If he had answered the question when it was first asked he would have saved himself the work and the trouble not only of answering it at long last, but of dealing with all the supplementary questions arising out of it at each stage. But this, I suppose, would constitute far too terrible a departure from the tradition, held by Ministers and Under-Secretaries, that they are where they are for the express purpose of *not* answering questions!

Air-Raid Warnings

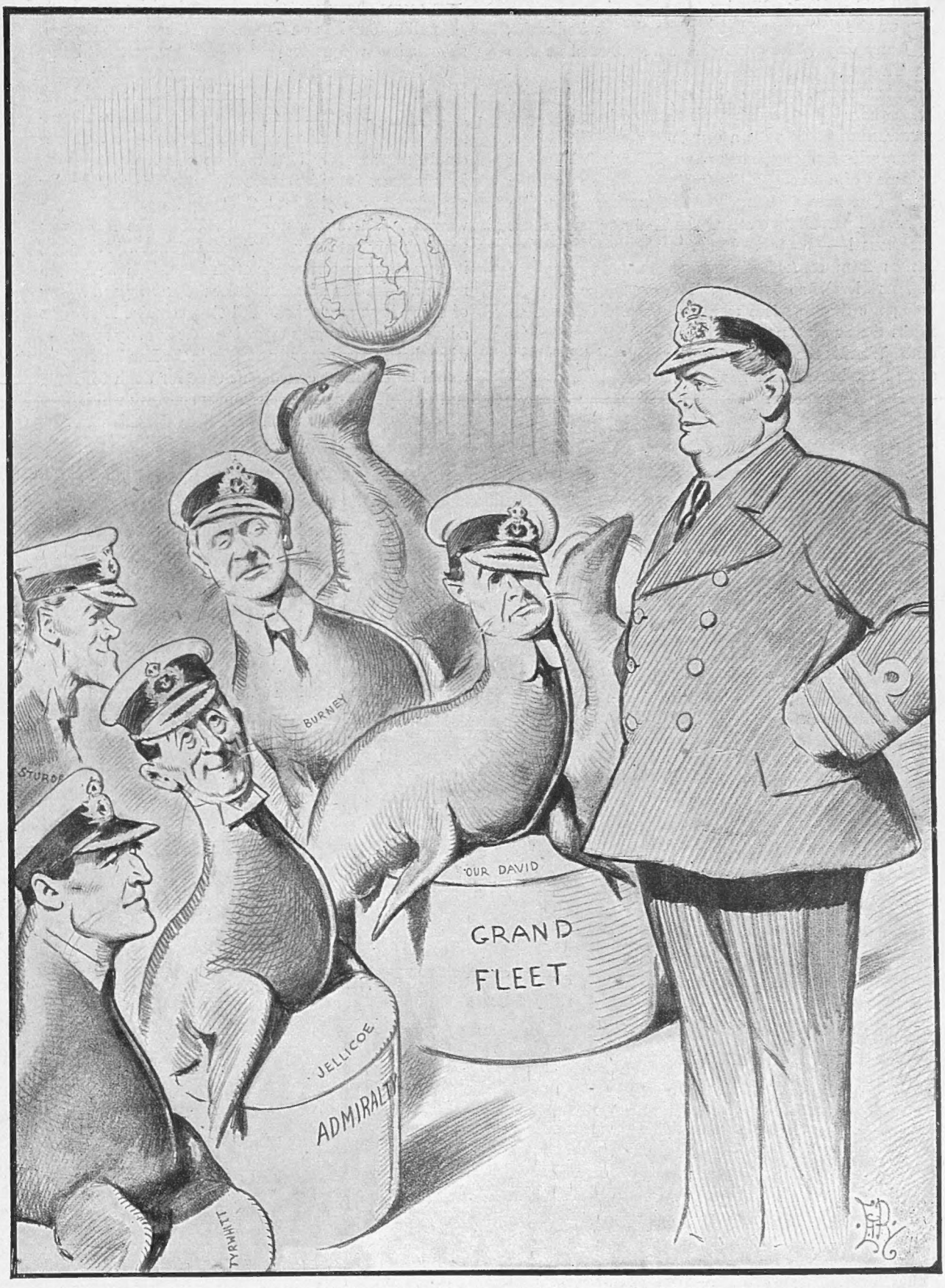
Ulysses stopped his ears when he heard the sirens singing, in order to avoid the fatal attraction which the sweetness of their music might otherwise have exercised on him. He would have done the same thing, but for quite a different reason, if he had been sailing up the Thames in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars Bridge last Tuesday, when experiments were being made to test the carrying power of siren notes as a warning to Londoners of the imminence of an air-raid. The specimens procured by the competent military authorities, although they shook The Bystander's windows with a gruesome cacophony, were not of nearly enough penetration. At less than a mile's distance they were quite inaudible, and even considerably nearer than that they were not heard in lower floors or in streets with much traffic. "London's central roar," in fact, seems to be more than the ordinary siren can tackle successfully.

The Siren's Spell

The spell of the siren, in any case, is a mere nothing to the spelling of it. The *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Daily Mail* spelt it "siren"; the *Telegraph* and the *Chronicle* "syren." After "syren" on Tuesday the *Mirror* (having reflected, I suppose) swung over to "siren" on Wednesday. The writer of a chatty little article on the subject in one of the evening papers, not content with being a "syren"-ite himself, adduced quotations from several mediæval authors to back him up in his crime. He would have been better advised to go back to Homer, the fountain-head, where he would have found "siren" to be the authentic form. Or he might even, in the alternative, have looked it up in his dictionary! It appears to be one of the most brilliant triumphs of modern education, as illustrated by the Press, to have substituted "y" for "i" in such words as siren, sphinx, and tire. Indeed, in the last-named case "tyre" has completely ousted the proper spelling. Poor Trench, of "The Queen's English," must have

(*Continued on page 160*)

"Taking Over the Seals" (-of-Office)



THE RT. HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES (new "Trainer"): "My word! There isn't much I can teach *this* lot, in practice *or* performance!—up to every trick of the trade!!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

turned many times in his grave of late years; but, as I can see you just beginning to growl "pedant!" I'll stop.

Then the Smoke-Bombs—

But the sirens were better than the smoke-bombs, any way. The City roofs were crowded at 4.30 on Thursday to see the Government's grand pyrotechnic display, expecting an out-Brocking of Brock. With the wind towards us, all that we heard at The Bystander Office were a couple of measly little pops that a self-respecting burst paper bag might have felt ashamed of, and as for the smoke—well, there wasn't any. One man with a vivid imagination alleged he saw a red parachute crossing the Thames; but he is a notorious l——uncher. It seems they sent up these bombs from somewhere near the W.O. (where the experts live), so their adoption is certain as being the most perfect warning conceivable; but so far as the City is concerned the whole show was a washout. What is the use of a Government which has long denied us bread, and now won't even give us the circuses it promises? Perhaps this is why they've brought Winston back, though. No warning could well be more awful.

—And Sound-Bombs

It seems, however, that the authorities were only pulling our legs on Thursday. They kept the real show with a considerably louder pattern of bomb for Sunday morning, and a very effective show it was. Lazy, law-abiding Londoners were still lying in bed when the familiar sounds of an aerial bombardment began to gather volume. Everybody who had emulated the early bird took to cover, according to instructions, but far more because they naturally thought it was the real thing and not merely the warning. There was no doubt about the noise this time, at any rate on the northern heights. After all, if you want to warn people of an impending air-raid, to make a noise like an air-raid does seem as good a way of doing it as any other. All that remains is to send a line to the Germans suggesting that Sunday morning, when there's no noise and no traffic in the London streets, would be the most convenient time for them to come, and to hope that their well-known courtesy will induce them to fall in with this view.

"AND THE CAT CAME BACK!"

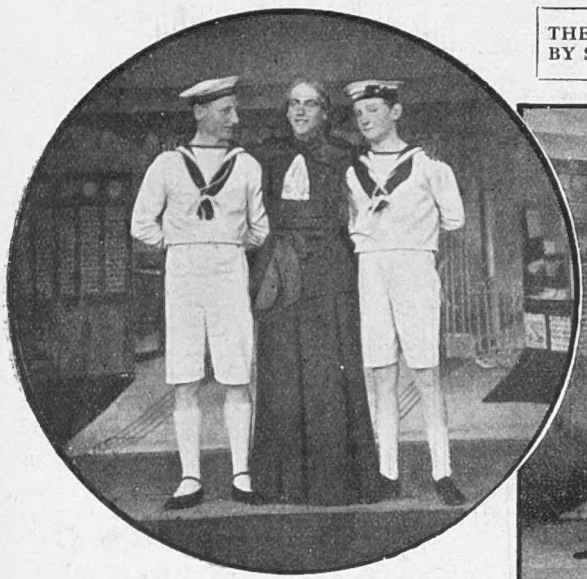
Navy Week

The Navy, maintaining its proud tradition of being the "Silent Service," does not advertise. It has no Agent-General to boom it in the Press, and the result is that here we are in "Navy Week" without any leaded leaders in Monday's papers to tell us what it is all about. How different from "Baby Week"! Yet, even if unostentatiously, there ought to be much good work done during the week to put King George's Fund for Sailors, inaugurated a fortnight ago at the Mansion House, on a solid financial foundation. It is incorporated under charter on just the same lines as King Edward's Hospital Fund, which has been of such untold benefit to the London hospitals. Nearly all the theatres are giving a performance in aid of it, and a good sum should be realised from this source alone; but it is to public contributions that the Fund will look for its real success. And the public, realising what it owes to the watchfulness of the Navy, ought to contribute in a way which should show it is not unmindful of the Navy's incalculable services to the country. If everyone contributed one-tenth part, say, of the weekly housekeeping bill this week (remembering that that housekeeping bill would be at least double the amount if it were not for the Navy), King George's Fund would get the excellent start it deserves.

"Nineteen Umpty"

ONE OF THE JOLLY LITTLE SHOWS WHICH HELP THE NAVY TO KEEP SMILING

THE "BLIND BEGGAR" (EYES—NOT GIN!) TRYING TO RAISE THE READY BY SINGING TO THE RACE-GOING CROWD AT THE RAILWAY STATION



"MISS LEIGH WARD" WITH HER NEPHEW AND HIS "DOUBTFUL DOUBLE"

MRS. TRAVERS SINGS AND THE CHORUS WILTS

PASSED BY CENSOR

ON THE WAY TO THE RACES

"VIOLET TRAVERS"

This page of photographs represents scenes from a "revue" arranged and played by the officers of one of H.M. Ships a few months ago—an entertainment which created even more enthusiasm than the earlier production on board the same ship, illustrations of which appeared in the "Bystander" of January 17 last. The management had only one regret: they had to cut out the "great bedroom scene," without which no revue can hope to attain perfection, owing to unforeseen modesty on the part of the principals

A Soldier's Daughter

Photograph *Swaine*

MISS AUDREY TOWNSHEND

Daughter of General Sir A. F. Townshend, the gallant defender of Kut, and Lady Townshend

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

"That persistent boom of the guns"

LONDON, *July* 23, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT with air raids and air warnings, the dreadful daily casualty lists, and in our ears that persistent distant boom of the guns on the Flemish dunes, the "ill-informed and passionate mob," as protesting politicians call the mere public that only pays the bills and gives its sons, has really been getting something like a personal taste of war these last lovely summer days.

卐 卐

DAYS which to the politicians aforesaid, too, have been rather too much charged with electricity to be pleasant—revelations, accusations, recriminations, charges, counter-charges, impeachment petitions. Not that to *them*, anyway, little things like that matter. As someone's said, if you can only get made a Cabinet Minister, or even an Under-Secretary, you needn't care if it snows.

卐 卐

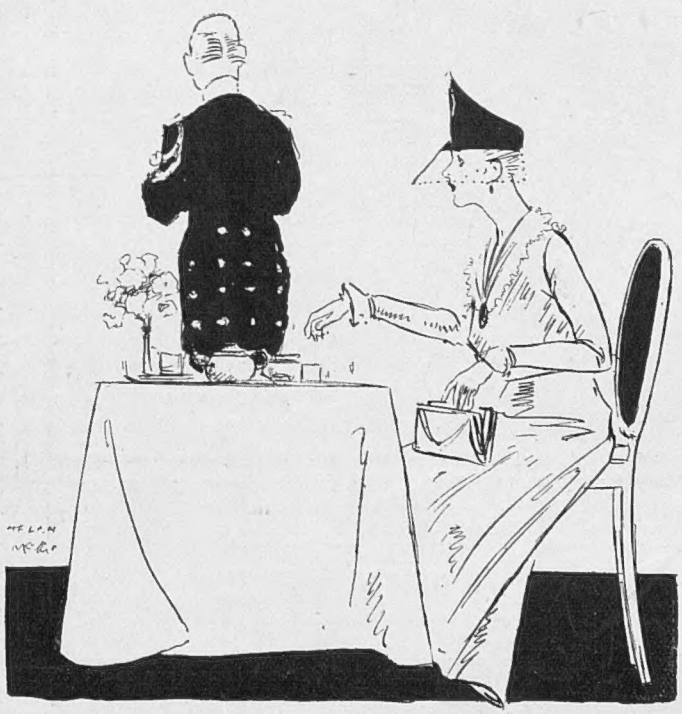
IN that cushy base where dwell the heaven-born rulers of the British Empire, whatever you've done or left undone you can always find at least one brother-in-arms to stick up for you—in lively anticipation, perhaps, of wanting the same sort of leg-up for himself one day—and to avow fervently that you, at any rate, are absolutely blameless as well as indispensable, bubbling over with indignation the while at the bare idea that such a thoroughly decent fellow should have been made the subject of such "scandalous and disgraceful" attacks. So that in the end he almost manages to mesmerise the passionate and ill-informed public into believing that you've really been very badly treated. Result—as you were. Carry on.

卐 卐

MEANWHILE resignation, which for Ministers is the rarest of indiscretions—hardly ever *done*, in fact—is obviously the only course for the mob aforesaid. The world wasn't made for mobs, as everyone knows and their job is just to sleep or weep quietly in their beds—or perhaps their cellars—whenever Government in its beneficence tells 'em it's time to go there. Whatever happens, no "clamour"—even for air defence. That'd be indecent, if not positively unpatriotic.

卐 卐

TALKING of patriotism and how-to-behave-in-war-time and all that, doesn't seem to have been received exactly with loud and tumultuous applause or cries of: "Shall us? Let's!"—Lord Hugh Cecil's quite too frightfully holy exhortation to his fellow-Churchmen to love the Germans 'cos they're our brethren. Extraordinary, isn't it, the *lengths* broad-mindedness'll go to? However there's no accounting for taste, of course, and the Cecils went ever in for culture, didn't they? But the Hun isn't *my* brother, anyway. I hate him at sight, or sooner, and always have and always shall.



"Pocketing their sugar rationlets when the waiters aren't looking"

卐 卐

BUT that's not the way they see things in ecclesiastical circles, where really they seem to be almost *overdoing* this don't-hurt-the-Hun idea. The episcopal protests that were poured out in floods against gas and reprisals were rather on the thick side to start with, but all records are beaten by the latest, which is censoring poor old David—you know, the "wailing Semite," as the Duke of Argyll calls him, who wrote the Psalms. His 58th one, it seems, is much too rough and rude about "the ungodly" (which is Biblical, of course, for enemy).

卐 卐

QUITE horrid things in it they've just discovered (a bit latish) about breaking his teeth in his mouth and smiting his jaw-bones, and even—horror of horrors!—making his blood flow and letting him consume away like a snail! Really hardly seems possible—does it?—that even the clerical mind—which, of course, works on a different plane from a mere lay one—should at this stage of the world's

(Continued on page 164)

development imagine that this sort of thing helps along the war—or anything? But I suppose it doesn't hinder it, anyway; and there are so few things to smile at these days, aren't there?

"Sailor-men on"

SERIOUSLY, though, a great compliment to the Psalmist, isn't it, that after all these years people should start censoring him just as if he were a modern novelist or poet or war correspondent? So many of us feel nowadays like Mr. Balfour that "nothing happened before 1914." Shows the electrifying effects of war—doesn't it?—that such a revolutionary epigram should have passed his philosophic lips.

卐 卐

I BET you don't know what the Imperial Haghana is! What? It's the Camel Corps, which has just been officially authorised and that sort of thing, and counts now, I believe, as part of our regular cavalry. "Sometimes we even wash ourselves," writes one of them, "really right over from head to foot, though water is more precious than fine jewels here, in the Land of the Burning Sand, where no man, nor bird, nor beast may dwell, but only their bones remain.

卐 卐

"WHERE no lark rises, shaking the silvery dew from his wing, to greet the morning sun; where stillness as of death reigns ever. Many, many nights have I spent in the saddle, and I shall dream all my life of the long column of swaying figures threading its way through the gloom over the sandhills of a dead world. The Haghana moves in absolute silence, the soft pad of the camel sinks in the yielding sand, and noiselessly the phantom army passes by. Our life is a strange one, Blanche, and hunger and thirst, cold and wet and fear—all these I know."

卐 卐

YES, at least war does that for men, doesn't it? It gives them experiences, and, after all, without the spur of change and strangeness, life's a dullish game. I think I envy them. Many new and bitter things they endure, our gallant soldiers of Empire who journey South to desert, East to ocean, West to snow. But, as another of them says, "It isn't so much the physical hardships which play out a man—it's the loss of a friend. After you've been out here a time it seems to one that life and death are beastly sudden things. We live only for the present, not knowing what to-morrow may bring.

卐 卐

"BY the way, Blanche, you get letters from all over the world asking for a 'mention,' but do remind the people at home that although we may not wear spurs and riding-boots, wings, or red tabs there is a dear little force known as the P.B.I., which being interpreted means Poor Bally Infantry, and I haven't seen a word about them in your BYSTANDER epics lately. Make our lives brighter by a word of comfort to those who pad the hoof."

卐 卐

AH! but silence doesn't mean forgetfulness—not in this case, anyway—for one would have to have a bad memory indeed to forget the work of the infantryman in this war. In many ways it's perhaps the most wonderful work of all, for his victories—and no victories have been won without him—are gained by sheer personal courage and hand-to-hand fighting such as there's never been in all the history of all the battles of the world.

卐 卐

SOLDIERMEN off for once and sailormen on this week here in London now, by the way. A procession of shows and things for naval charities—the Navy having a whole seven days of celebrations all to itself, which is an honour only the babies have enjoyed so far. For mere Allies and people we can only spare days; but there mustn't be any stinting—must there?—for the Senior Service, if it *is* the Secret Service, even in these super-economical days, when we sometimes actually feed at home (because we can get twice as much to eat there for half what the restaurant food-controllers charge us), and when it's quite a sight to see people at the Carlton or the Ritz furtively pocketing their sugar rationlets for domestic use when the waiters aren't looking.

"The P. B. I."

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"LEAVE"

Governing the Government

One of the outstanding curiosities of the time is the feverish anxiety of so many people to give the Government tips on how to run the war. There would almost seem to be a general impression abroad that the Government, while engaged in the very serious business of getting on with the war, is pausing every now and then for a helpful hint from the snips of Tooley Street.

The recent daylight air-raids have provoked a tremendous flood of eloquence on the subject of the errors of the Government. Ponderous City men, representing great possessions of everything except a sense of humour, have written to the public Press to say that this sort of thing really must not go on. They do not actually say that in their opinion Tommy in the trenches must have less protection so that the fat financier in the City may have more; but that is what their protests amount to most of the time.

The idea seems to be that the Government do not know there has been an air-raid until they read the distressing news in the *Daily Outburst*, accompanied by a letter from Mr. Jones, of Peckham, to the effect that one of the horrid things passed right over his house, and could, in his opinion, have been brought down with a shot-gun. Myself, I think it is extremely likely that the Government know as soon as anybody when an air-raid is in progress, and I should not be surprised to hear that the members of the War Cabinet sometimes chat with each other, over the midday sandwich, about the likeliest means of dealing with the trouble.

The self-appointed mentors of the Government hardly seem to realise that there is a war on, and that we are the chief among the belligerents. Considering what the civil populations of some of our Allies have had to put up with, it seems to me that we are being let off very lightly with nothing more than an occasional bomb or so. It is not easy to see how air-raids can be stopped, although, to read the impassioned protests of the squealers one would fancy that all you have to do is to climb up to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral and knock the hostile aircraft down with your umbrella as they flit past.

The question of reprisals, also, is exercising the minds of a number of good people who seem to think that the Government will wait for the verdict of the Hammersmith Debating Club before coming to a decision on the matter. Recently the Bishops (to say nothing of the refreshingly outspoken Duke) have taken the matter up with a surprising indifference to the fact that war and theology are quite opposite branches of study.

My own idea is that if the Government's military advisers decide that reprisals are desirable in the best interests of the nation they will make them and debate the matter afterwards. That was Kitchener's way with the Mahdi's Tomb. After the event a number of good people talked themselves dry; but the one thing their talk could not alter was that the Tomb, with its dangerous significance for us, was a heap of inconsequential rubbish.

The trouble with the average worrier of the Government is that he regards war as a matter of politics. We know, of course, that everybody understands, say, the Irish Question, and is, therefore, at liberty to discuss it; but it does not necessarily follow, because a man is a respectable suburban resident, or the father of five, that he is a competent authority on modern warfare.

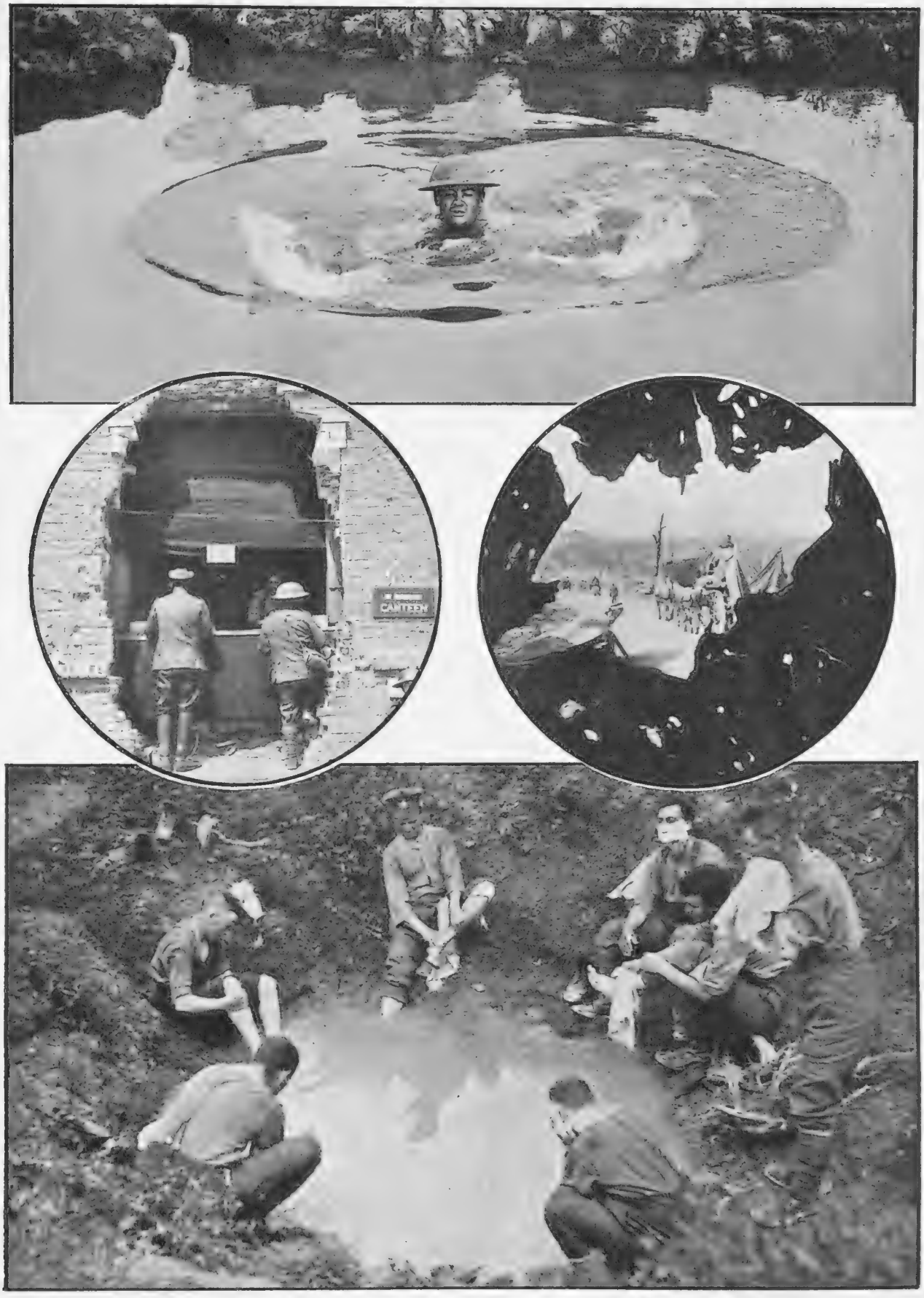
That is why I think it would be wiser to leave the Government and the soldiers to run the war in their own way, and to hope for the best; and if the Government, now that the age of miracles is past, is unable to prevent an enemy bomb from dropping upon one of us here and there, we shall have, at least, the satisfaction of having "done our bit," as many better men have done before us.

Arnold Golsworthy

"'Nuff Said!"

SOMEWHERE IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND

"Better 'Oles"—Assorted



Canadian Official Photograph from the Western Front

CANADIAN TROOPS MAKING GOOD USE OF SHELL-HOLES BEFORE AN ATTACK

Four fine photographs depicting the fact that even shell-holes have their uses, whether for providing a bathing-place, where our soldiers may get a little relief from the scorching sun of July, or a ready-made canteen (where his refreshment may be taken internally), or merely the peculiarly picturesque effect shown in the right-hand circle

"Somewhere in Flanders"

KISMET

My Dear Bystander—

History teaches us that it is given to few men to achieve their life's desire, and there is no reason to suppose that Private Wotherspoon, R.E., when he set off three weeks ago on a motor-cycle to see a man in the village of X about a winch, cherished in his mind the merest suspicion of any immediate fulfilment of his mundane yearnings. Yet, so hopelessly inscrutable are the decrees of Providence, that Private Wotherspoon—though he knew it not—stood on the very threshold of Nirvana.

The French staff car and Private Wotherspoon, each travelling at a high velocity in different directions, both saw fit to round the bend in the road at the same moment, and nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before Private Wotherspoon was able to rear himself up from off a heap of manure, and, in reply to tender inquiries, announce the satisfactory intelligence that beyond a —— crop of —— —— bruises his general bodily health, he believed, remained unimpaired. The last thing seen by mortal eyes of Private Wotherspoon was a vision of a wan, manure-worn figure reclining in a French staff car travelling in the opposite direction to X. From that day all trace of Private Wotherspoon was lost.

For three weeks the local A.P.M. circulated throughout the country long, despairing telegrams affording the most intimate description of the physical charms of Private Wotherspoon, and hastening to point out, lest such gifts of beauty pass unappreciated, that the middle toe of the left foot bore traces of a distressing corn, and that the lobe of the right ear was slightly inflated by reason of a recent mosquito sting; but despite the activity of the A.P.M.'s typewriter the days lengthened into weeks, and the memory of Private Wotherspoon faded gradually from our minds.

Now it came to pass in the fullness of time that the billeting officer in the village of X, having need of accommodation for fifty men, paid a visit to the large brewery which stands proudly in its own grounds seven kilometres beyond the village. The billeting officer entered the building, and the first thing that impinged upon his astonished gaze was the figure of Private Wotherspoon, in his braces, engaged with the family in the fascinating occupation of brewing beer!

It turned out to be the old, old story of the line of least resistance. The French staff car, it seems, after picking up Private Wotherspoon, and not knowing quite what to do with him, thought it best to deposit him, a sorry spectacle, at the nearest habitation for treatment and repairs.

There he lingered for a day, regaining strength and beauty, and on the morrow, clothed and in his right mind, prepared to return to those who mourned him.

It was then that the voice of the tempter whispered in the ear of Private Wotherspoon.

"What!" exclaimed the voice, incredulously, "go away and leave all that beer? Don't you be a fool, my lad. You stay a few days and enjoy yourself! . . ."

That there is a divinity that shapes our ends is a defence that has never yet been known to touch the flinty heart of the competent military authority, and the name of William Wotherspoon must now be added to the list of the indirect victims of the Kaiser's lust for world-power.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson

On the Road to Flanders?

KAISER AND KARL

And we thought he was too busy playing with his new cap!

Fish and Chip

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Now, then, you two, there's nothing more till 4.30" (Old Bill is not going to the Zoo again)

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

"The bombardment of flowers"

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *July*.

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

LIBERTY! Liberty! How many cocktails have I mixed in thy name! For have we not twice within ten days fêted thy anniversary! First, as monsieur knows, there was the celebration of "Independence Day" on July 4, in honour of our new Allies. What a fine sight, monsieur, to see the gallant "Sammies" march with our *poilus* under a canopy of banners and bunting from the Invalides through the cheering crowd that lined their path all the way to the distant cemetery of Picpus, where they went to salute the tomb of M. Lafayette! And with what *sangfroid* they bore themselves under the bombardment of flowers and the cannonade of kisses which greeted them along the way!

⁂

BUT the road to Picpus is almost as long as the road to Tipperary, and what with the emotion and the hot sun they were not sorry when it was over! After all, why should they and their compatriots have to go so many leagues when they want to visit the grave of M. Lafayette? As the papers point out, it is the least we can do for them and for the hero they admire to bring his remains to the Panthéon. Surely, monsieur, it is not asking too much, as the *patronne* says, to pay this tribute to the enterprising Frenchman to whom the capital owes so much—among other things the model of American department stores. For if it were not for the galleries which are named after him and the sister enterprises, what would those of our *élégantes* do whose bank accounts have not been swelled by the war?

⁂

As for the "Society of Nations," which M. Désiré and his Socialist friends have adopted as their watchword, M. Wilson would have felt his dream realised had he been here to celebrate the twin fêtes! He would have seen on our boulevards all the nations of the world (and by "nations," of course, I mean the free nations, for the rest don't count!), walking arm-in-arm and drinking toasts to Liberty in as many idioms as there are democracies!

⁂

YES, M. Wilson has every reason to be proud of his "Sammy," for he is "all there," as you say. It is not he who stands on ceremony, and as for his talent for expressing himself in strange languages, it beats all records! Like a true son of Liberty he scorns the tutelage of the official interpreter. As I heard one of them remark: "I guess we haven't crossed the herring-pond and bucked the submarine line to be held up by any lingo-bluff when we've got here! No, siree! On the Mexican border we learnt to chew the rag in Dago all right, and we're going to knock the stuffing out of the French dictionary—that's a cinch!"

(Continued on page 172)

"The Society of Nations"

NEW SERIES

Some Women Who Don't—No. 1

GLADYS

Who does not do war work, but wishes to convey the impression that all her male relatives are special constables

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Pira

Photograph

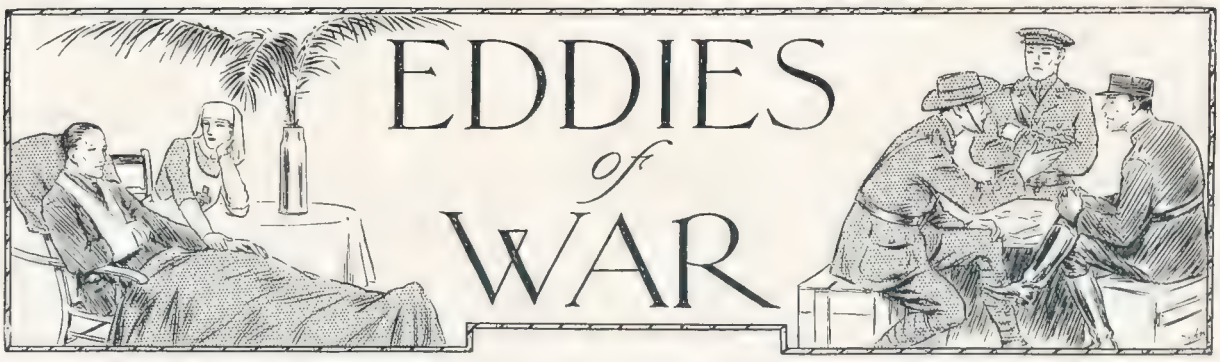
" . . . and
The lukewarn

e's Doom

F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S.

eeked with oil
whirlpools close"

—*Rudyard Kipling*



THE NEW NATIONAL GAME. BY DELL LEIGH

[NOTE.—*As the great bulk of* BYSTANDER *readers are, no doubt, engaged upon war work, they will, many of them, have taken at least a hand or two in the game of "Jackets." Some, we feel sure, have by virtue of their office become expert. There may be others, however, who, not being engaged upon war pursuits, have not had the opportunity or inclination to play the game of "Jackets," and it is for their future guidance that an epitome of the new national game is here set forth.*—EDITOR.]

THE game of jackets having all the elements of chance, coupled with a need, in its higher grades, of a skill bordering upon science, appeals naturally to most of us. So strong a hold, indeed, has the game taken upon some of our oldest and most staid civil servants that they have been known to abandon the jig-saw puzzle as early as three in the afternoon to try a couple of falls with a jacket or two. A "Jacket" (or, in Admiralty phraseology, a "docket") is the folded and numbered manilla cover, foolscap size, in which a letter is immediately fixed by a green cord on its arrival by the hand of postman or messenger at the doors of any and all of our great Government departments. There is also a tribe of men (and, alas! of women) who assist at the birth of all jackets; and they are known as "The Registry." These hold an important position in the game as deciding to whom "awkward" moves shall be given. Every Government department has its own type of jacket. Some of the more prominent pre-war departments have great jacket traditions, and hold many records which are, as yet, unbeaten. Others, of more recent date, have "come on" very rapidly, and the older departments have been badly beaten on points by these more than once.

Colours on jackets have been adopted recently to distinguish the players. [N.B.—The War Office always plays in white, as representing purity of thought and chastity of action.]

THE game of jackets is won on points, and lost by effluxion of time, such as the end of the war or a change of dynasty.

The game perambulates from one section or department to another, the basic idea underlying all moves in the game being to write upon the jacket without committing yourself, and "passing" successfully without getting the jacket back for further action.

"Opinions"—*i.e.*, moves in the game—are registered upon "minute sheets." Hence the origin of the word "minute" as indicative of the maximum amount of time taken by any Government official to do his work. There are certain standard moves, of which the following are samples:

1. "Concur" (scores five points). This is a dangerous move, having a tendency to bring the jacket back to you for final decision (minus twenty points), and should only be indulged in by Secretaries or Fourth Sea Lords.

2. "Passed to you, please" (scores seven points). A very daring move, also dangerous to novices, as possibly resulting in the counter move by a Machiavellian player—

3. "Why?" (scores fifteen points if unanswered).

4. "Will you please take action at X of enclosure 23A and pass to appropriate department" (scores thirty points if addressee meekly submits within fourteen days). If, on the other hand, he "refers back" and "points out" that his section is not concerned in such matters, subsequently proving it by acid messages through the telephone, then the writer is disqualified and probably loses his place in the team for the next big departmental strafe.

5. "Presumably this is for you" (scores eight points). But if the department thus addressed replies:

6. "Yes, but please attach previous papers in Jacket 783-B c-sub. 4," then writer in 5 loses six points, as he is seldom able to find jacket thus quoted, nor has he any trace of ever having received it.

APPEALS may be lodged with the Registry as to the fairness, or otherwise, of moves. Appeals are lodged somewhat in this form: "Surely this unseemly batch of papers is not for me?" To which the Registry will reply on a yellow slip attached by large pin to outside of jacket: "It seems to be a matter with which your department ordinarily deals, see Office Instructions 790, Clause IX." You have then lost the game, but not the jacket, and start again, heavily handicapped. The Registry is also the referee in cases where a very brilliant and devastating move is made for which no score is registered on the score tables. It is then within the province of the Registry to award defeat or victory, and its decision is final. As instancing the brilliancy of moves in this entrancing game the following is a good example:—A young officer, while home on leave from France, put in a claim for "subsistence, lodging fuel, and light allowance," amounting to £4 17*s.* 3*d.* The circumstances of the claim were peculiar; the size of the jacket grew; it passed through many hands; the months passed also. Then the young officer, noticed something very peculiar about the form which had at last been sent him to "fill in and return in duplicate," and he replied as follows: "The form sent me to fill in is for subsistence allowance for horse, mule, or camel. As I do not come under either category, regret cannot comply with request. May I please be provided with another form?"

This, of course, constituted a foul on the part of the sending department, and the Registry is still debating the requisite penalty.

"Something in the City"

BULLECOURT. MAY, 1917

Forgotten the office, the counter, the desk—
Whirled wildly away in war's weird arabesque,
The Londoners show they can fight like —— Oh, well!
You just ask the Germans—the Germans can tell!

"MRS. POMEROY'S REPUTATION" AT THE QUEEN'S

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

MRS. GEORGINA POMEROY is a young and light-hearted widow. She has an only child of seven or thereabouts, eight hundred a year, and a dangerous taste for high stakes at bridge. Her account at the bank is overdrawn, and her banker is in love with her. This last is not, of course, a matter of cause and effect, otherwise widows would be overdrawing their accounts on a system. It would be too easy for anything. The head of Mrs. Pomeroy's family is her brother-in-law, Sir Granville Pomeroy, Bart., P.C., M.P., who is an extremely moral man and wants everybody to notice it; and being such a good man himself he is, naturally, very prompt at discerning the failings of weaker mortals.

THUS Sir Granville (who strongly objects to being appropriately abbreviated to "Granny") has come to the conclusion that Georgina is not a fit and proper person to bring up her child in the way he should go. With the fine callousness peculiar to very moral people, he proposes to take the child away from the pernicious maternal influence; and if Georgina declines this proposal he will have no alternative but to discontinue the eight hundred a year. Just that. While this awkward problem is being considered Lady Pomeroy, Sir Granville's wife, comes into the picture. Lady Pomeroy, bored to tears by her husband's excessive goodness, asks Mr. Dampier, a gay bachelor friend, to give her a nice, long day on the river, where the atmosphere will be less heavily charged with exemplary piety.

THE second act brings us to the gay bachelor's bungalow at Maidenhead, with its cosy furniture and its pictures that are distinctly more interesting to men than to women. Here we find Mr. Dampier in a state of great excitement. It

(Continued on page 180.)

MRS POMEROY'S REPUTATION

Miss Violet Vanbrugh

In her brilliant impersonation of "Georgina" in Mr. Vachell's comedy, "Mrs. Pomeroy's Reputation," at the Queen's Theatre

"MRS. POMEROY'S REPUTATION" AT THE QUEEN'S (*concluded*)

seems that at the commencement of the nice long day on the river the boat was overturned; and though

Mr. Dampier succeeded in bringing Lady Pomeroy ashore, she has remained unconscious ever since. In his extreme need Dampier wires for Georgina, who with a fine instinct that a third party would not be needed at such a time unless an accident had happened, brings with her a suitcase containing first-aid from the wardrobe for the totally immersed. Dampier is, of course, overjoyed to see Georgina; and she has just been assured by the genial old housekeeper that her ladyship is now safe and sound in Mr. Dampier's bed, when the highly moral Sir Granville Pomeroy himself is announced.

❀

Lady Pomeroy is all but hysterical at the news; but Georgina comes to the rescue with a fine spirit of self-sacrifice. She calmly declares that it was she who came for a nice long day on the river, and that it was Lady Pomeroy who, in the goodness of her heart, hurried down from town with a change of clothing on hearing of the very damp accident. At this the pompous Sir Granville begins to argue the position out according to the logical methods of the detective of fiction. He has always insisted that Georgina is not a fit person to have the care of a young and susceptible child, and now he has evidence of the terrible fact.

❀

For instance, if, as alleged, Georgina fell into the water at nine, after having been out for about an hour, she must have started at eight. I mean, logic is logic; you can't get away from it. Therefore she must have left London about seven, and must have risen at six in order to catch the early train; but Georgina is an incorrigibly late riser, and it is highly improbable that she did anything of the kind. What is the alternative explanation? Alas! that is supplied by the suitcase, obviously her own, because her initials are upon it. Do ladies starting out in the early morning for a day on the river carry a suitcase with them? (I think myself it depends on the lady; but it is no business of mine, anyway.) The deduction is painfully obvious—Georgina must have spent the previous night at the bungalow. I have often wondered why women, by common consent, have no love for logic. They are probably too wise to burden themselves with a faculty that can be cultivated to embarrassingly awkward lengths.

❀

As can easily be understood, it all comes right in the end, and the ineffable Granville's logic, being based upon false premises, suffers the usual fate of that kind of thing. The undeniable charm of the play is supplied by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who as the merry widow is delightfully entertaining throughout, and must be seen to be believed. Jingle

THE PALLADIUM

For a couple of hours' thorough enjoyment there is no place in London to beat the Palladium. The show is always changing, and always of the best, and you can drop in pretty nearly any time during the day, except immediately after breakfast, and be well entertained; for there is one house at 2.30, another at 6.10, and a third at 9. I have heard of a man who took all three one after the other, but then he was home on leave. His return to the trenches is eagerly looked forward to by his comrades-in-arms, since he will bring them all the very latest jokes.

Meditation

Photograph *Claude Harris*

MISS PEGGY RICHARDS

A clever and fascinating young actress, who, having delighted her audiences all over the country, will shortly be seen in an important new London production

Shrapnel Pars

IN answer to a question of its own putting, the *Daily Mail* says: "We don't know, and it doesn't matter." But it does matter. We can't believe it. They *must* know, really, don't you think?

MR. BALFOUR says he feels that nothing happened before 1914. His colleagues have the same feeling. "Forget and forgive" is the politician's motto.

A BRITISH airman may bring down an enemy 'plane over London, even over Whitehall. But in spite of even this temptation the unfortunate fact remains that they haven't.

"IT is our business," Mr. Balfour declares, "not to be misled by the stream of public opinion," and, presumably, certainly not to be carried away by it.

SOMEONE has said that Lord Northcliffe is the maker of modern England, and that you can see the results of his work on every hand. It's the way of the world; directly a man's back's turned people speak evilly of him.

A CONTEMPORARY'S headline says: "Harry the Enemy." And we thought his name was William.

WE shall see whether the All-Highest is a good enough quick-change artist to vanish suddenly as Wilhelm the Autocrat and reappear as a convincing representative of "the People's Will."

At any rate, the Kaiser's desperate undertaking to give his subjects universal suffrage marks an advance upon his former policy, which for the last three years has only resulted in giving them universal suffering.

THE fact that her Austrian partner is exhausted and war-weary offers Germany her only means of realising her despairing hope of finishing the war with a stale mate.

A BELLICOSE Hun named von der Heydt demands, among other little things, the Channel Islands for Germany. Even his brother Pan-Germans will hardly pronounce a very confident "Amen" to this more than usually idiotic Hymn of Heydt.

THE snuffing-out of the inconveniently candid Harden, long expected, is at last an accomplished fact. Even his paper, the *Future*, has now become a thing of the past.

FRANKLY, we can't understand the unfavourable comment in the case of the man, told off for "work of national importance," who was put to tie up packets of papers with red tape. If there is anything of greater national importance in England than red tape we should much like to know what it is.

NOT WATERCRESS

LADY VISITOR: "And what is your favourite vegetable?"
SOLDIER: "'Ops, lady!"

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 4

Men and material treat with care,
We've got a lot, but none to spare.

"Rather than see this fine young feller start on the downward path, I will drink the 'orrid stuff myself. Good 'ealth!"

To See or Not to See? *By Y. E. S.*

DENSMORE ought really to be more careful of the questions he asks. There are circumstances in which it is wiser not to seek for the truth, at least not openly. In this particular instance of the dixies, the reputation of the company hung upon the ability of the orderly officer to see without being seen seeing. But Densmore has the clumsy habit of looking at things with his eyes open, instead of shutting them first when other people are looking. He forgets that they are being enlightened as to his enlightenment.

But this is not a verbatim report of the lecture I gave Densmore for his own good when he told me what he had discovered in the matter of the dixies. I am glad it is not, for I felt very tired when I had finished saying it, and it would probably be still more fatiguing to write it all down. Besides, when one says things which are really logical and convincing, it is most disappointing to find how muddled they get on paper. And one cannot use the same emphasis with a fountain pen.

Densmore was orderly officer, and was inspecting the men's dinners. Everything was right until he came to No. 5 Platoon, who live in a hay-loft. It seems their stew was smoked.

Densmore says he thought of explaining to No. 5 about the old proverb which asserts that you can't have fire without smoke; but he remembered in time that the proverb doesn't say that. I mentioned that, in any case, No. 5 only wanted stew without smoke. I told him the time-honoured proceeding of an orderly officer under the circumstances was to have tasted the stew without tasting the smoke. Densmore does not seem to have thought of this. If he had ever heard of the custom he had forgotten it, and he says he knows it is not in the "Manual of Infantry Training," or in "King's Regulations."

I explained to him that there are more things in the British Army than are dreamed of in "King's Regulations."

Densmore saw fit to send for the cook corporal. The cook corporal would certainly have known of many things which are not in "King's Regulations," but Densmore did not give him a chance of applying them. He asked him questions.

"How does it happen that No. 5's dinner is smoked? None of the others complain."

"There's no lids for three of the dixies, sir."

"No lids. And where are the lids?"

"I don't know, sir."

"It's your business to know. You fellows would lose anything."

This was too much for the cook corporal. Conscious innocence got the better of him.

"There never was any lids, sir," said he.

"There never were any lids!"

"No, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me that dixies were issued without lids?"

"No, sir—I mean, I don't know, sir—sure, I wasn't there when they were issued."

"Send for the quartermaster-sergeant, then. We shall see if he handed them over to you without lids."

"No, sir; I don't say as he did that, sir. But—I don't think he was there when they was issued."

Densmore says by this time he was convinced there was something "fishy" at the bottom of it. This inspiration ought to have reminded him, by association of ideas, of the well-known advice against fishing in troubled waters; but Densmore's ideas are like the people next door who keep a car and won't associate.

When the Q.M.S. reported his presence the investigations were continued.

"Can you tell me how it comes that the lids of three of our dixies are missing?"

"I wasn't aware of it, sir."

"Did we ever accept an issue of dixies without lids?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

Densmore turned once more to the harassed cook corporal.

"Now, can you say that you have not lost them?"

The cook corporal was cornered at last.

"Them three dixies are extra, so to speak, sir," said he.

"Extra!"

"They weren't issued to us, exactly, sir."

"Not issued! How did we get them, then?"

"We commandeered them from the A.S.C. chaps who were here last week, sir."

"Commandeered them!"

"Pinched them, sir—there wasn't a chance of pinching the lids."

Densmore says the situation was extremely awkward. I told him it served him right—he might have known that even British soldiers don't eat dixie lids. This should have been obvious, for he knows they only eat "bully and biscuits" when there is nothing else to eat.

"Why didn't you say that long ago—I mean, what do you mean by telling such a story to an officer? It looks as if you will be up before the C.O. if you are not careful, corporal."

Densmore admits that this speech has a very weak ending. I pointed out to him that it has grammatical defects which rather spoil its beauty. He came to me for advice as to whether he should bring the matter to the notice of the C.O. I told him the C.O. will be no better pleased to hear it than he was, and the sooner he forgets that those dixies have a past the sooner he will be able to say truthfully that he knows nothing about it.

I heard from the Q.M.S. in confidence that the cook corporal is still wondering if he will get it in the neck for pinching the dixies, or for omitting to pinch the lids; but Densmore is doing his best to forget all about it.

And I am keeping him up to it by asking him every day if the unfortunate question of the dixies is slipping satisfactorily from his memory.

ANOTHER SPLENDID ALBUM

containing

Eight Orchestral Records of Works

by

GREAT BRITISH COMPOSERS

With the Album is published a Booklet containing a fine and appropriate article by Mr. Bart Kennedy. Price complete

£2 : 4 : 0

THESE WORKS ARE COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY

Sir Edward Elgar, O.M.
Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie
Sir Charles Villiers Stanford
Sir Frederic H. Cowen
Edward German

THE EIGHT RECORDS IN THE ALBUM WHICH THE LEADING MUSIC HOUSES WILL BE GLAD TO PLAY FOR YOU ARE—

2-0728 Cockaigne Concert.
Overture (*Sir Edward Elgar*).

2-0729 "Wand of Youth"
(*a*) The Tame Bear. (*b*) The Wild Bear.
(Music to a Child's Play)
Second Suite Nos. 5 & 6 (*Sir Edward Elgar*)

2-0719 "The Cricket on the Hearth"
Overture (*Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie*).

2-0718 "Suite of Ancient Dances"
(*a*) Sarabande. (*b*) Morris Dance.
(*Sir Chas. V. Stanford*).

2-0714 "The Language of Flowers"
1st et. (*Sir Fred. H. Cowen*).
Gavotte—Yellow Jasmine.

2-0715 "The Language of Flowers"
2nd Set. Waltz Viscaria.
(*Sir Fred. H. Cowen*).

2-0716 "Much ado about Nothing"
No. 1. Bourrée (*Edward German*).

2-0717 "Much ado about Nothing"
No. 2. Gigue (*Edward German*).

'HIS MASTER'S VOICE'

The Records of Absolute Supremacy.

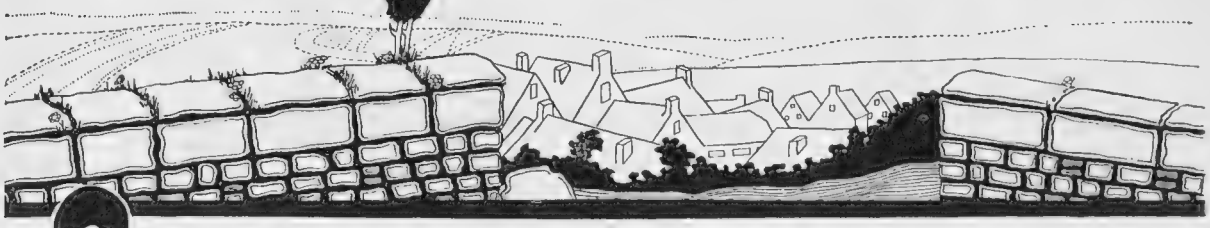
FAMOUS SERIES OF RECORDS THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.
"THE PERSIAN GARDEN" "THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE"
"THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS" THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT RECORDS

The Gramophone Co. Ltd. Hayes, Middlesex.

His Master's Voice

C.F.H.

Things We Could Do Without



BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke.*

"The early riser"

The Trial of the Committee

A witty foreigner once said that England was a country of committees. Nothing was ever done except by a committee, and if an emergency reared its head a committee was at once formed to deal with it. I do not pretend to give his exact words, for, as the old darkey said, my forgetter is better than my remembrer, but that is the gist of his remarks; and he was perfectly right. This is a committee-ridden country. There is hardly an able-bodied Briton, male or female, who does not sit on some committee or other, or else he or she has sat on one or is just going to sit.

"She only wants to help"

❀ ❀

Follow My Leader

Where the wild and woolly Westerner rushes for safety to his gun the Englishman rushes to a committee. He does so chiefly, I think, in order to shelve personal responsibility—there is safety in numbers. It is only fair to say that something generally gets done, for where several people are gathered together one of them is certain to take the lead. In most cases it would be quite sufficient for the committee to disband after having elected the most energetic member as chairman, for the energetic one is sure to do all the work in any case, and the rest of the members only serve to augment numbers and cast a shadow. All committee work is a game of follow my leader. Such empty forms as the proposing and seconding of resolutions and the passing of minutes really do not matter.

❀ ❀

The More the Merrier

As it is committees spread and multiply like weeds, and not content with that they divide themselves into sub-committees, on the same principle, apparently, that "Small fleas have lesser fleas upon their backs to bite 'em," etc. Yet with all their striving they do not entirely cover the ground. There is room for at least one more committee. I should like to form one myself for the abolition of nuisances. Anyone can think of any number of nuisances that ought to be abolished—the early riser, for instance.

❀ ❀

Much Ado About Nothing

There is something so odiously self-righteous about the early riser, so redolent of missionary zeal. If people were only content just to get up at

(*Continued on page 188*)

"Then there might be some rest for the wicked"

Mappin & Webb LTD.

Pearl and Diamonds. £35 0 0

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION

Fine Diamonds. £45 0 0

Fine Diamonds. £6 10 0

Pearl and Diamond. £17 10 0

Sapphire and Diamonds. £9 0 0

Fine Diamonds. £15 10 0

Diamond Cluster. £9 0 0

Fine Diamond. £55 0 0

Sapphire and Diamonds. £20 0 0

Emerald and Diamonds. £55 0 0

LONDON SHOWROOMS 158-162, OXFORD STREET, W. 1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C. 4. 172, REGENT STREET, W. 1.

Manufactory The Royal Works, Norfolk Street, Sheffield

Branches: Paris, Nice, Biarritz, Rome, Lausanne, Johannesburg, Montreal, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, &c.

By Appointment to *H.M. Queen Alexandra.*

The "QUORN FEATHERWEIGHT"

No. 4.—Active Service Coat

Weight under 3 lbs. for

Summer and Tropical Wear.

AN adaptation of our "Quorn" Winter Coat, also supplied in short-length coats with Extension Flap to protect the Knees. Guaranteed Waterproof.

Price £2 : 19 : 6

Also supplied packed in Waterproof Envelope, fitted with swivels to attach to belt for convenience in carrying.

Price £3 : 3 : 0

Also in heavier weights the QUORN No. 1, 2, and 3, Active Service Coats.

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit: Chest, Length of Sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and Height.

SPECIALISTS IN

Fox's Cavalry and Infantry Wind-on Puttees and Stocking-Puttees of all kinds; also Boyd's Elastic Puttees for Cavalry and Infantry.

Write for our Illustrated Booklet "For Active Service."

TURNBULL & ASSER

71-72, JERMYN ST. (5 doors from St. James' St.), **LONDON, S.W.**

Telegrams: "Paddywhack, London" Telephone: 4628 Gerrard.

whatever unearthly hour they choose and let it go at that no one would quarrel with them. But no; the early riser, male or female, must needs cackle about the sordid achievement like a hen that has just laid an egg. You might think there was nothing so generally necessary to salvation; and not satisfied with making enough to-do to celebrate a sweeping military victory, the early riser makes the lives of the remainder of the household a burden to them by trying to get them, too, out of bed at the first screech of dawn—as if dawn were not one of those things that the ordinary decent person prefers not to witness, in common with slaughter-houses, surgical operations, and murder trials! If one happens to have a perverted taste, that is no reason for forcing it on others.

❋ ❋

A Blot On the Landscape

And the early riser is not even pleasing to the eye. If female do you think she appears at breakfast assisted by the saving and seductive grace of a cap and *negligée?* Not she. A tweed skirt, a severely utilitarian blouse, and hair remorselessly brushed back are more in her line, accompanied by such an air of aggressive virtue as would turn any self-respecting milk sour at the first glance. The early riser is above amiable or æsthetic weaknesses, and, therefore, she is obviously no fit member for ordinary human society. Also, she takes unto herself the best egg and the crispest piece of bacon. My committee would see that she was kept strictly to a diet of early worms until arrangements were completed for her painless abolition.

❋ ❋

Meddlesome Mattie

Another nuisance that ought to be done away with is the busybody. Heaven knows we all have enough troubles already without seeing them raised to the *n*th degree and their number and variety increased by interference. It does not matter that the busybody butts in with the very best of intentions—if you believe what she says. Meddlesome Mattie does not suffer from curiosity—oh, dear, no! She only wants to help. And when she has done her damnedest and has separated you from your husband, estranged your children and friends, cut off your amusements, and generally made hay of your affairs she upbraids you for your ingratitude. Isn't it odd how the best motives and the worst appear to come to the same thing in the end? My committee would deal faithfully by the Meddlesome Matties—perhaps even set them on to each other. In that case some pacifist would probably rise up and protest that the punishment was too severe, that it would be like forcing doctors to swallow their own medicines; but, after all, why shouldn't they?

MISS DOROTHY VARICK

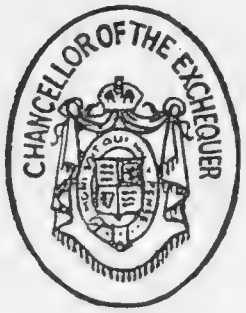
Whose charming sketches and poems at the piano pleasantly usher in "His Excellency the Governor" at the New Theatre

❋ ❋

Rest for the Wicked

Of nuisances there is no end, and I am afraid my committee would have a busy time of it. Think of the things it would have to attend to: flag days and charity matinées, earnest reformers and club bores, people who take you into their confidence and people who don't, lap-dogs and human cats, very minor poets and food-faddists, dunning tradesmen and voluminous correspondents, bridge-fiends and income-tax collectors—anybody can think of a hundred more. And when it had abolished all these it could turn its attention to committees and abolish them. Then, perhaps, there might be some rest for the wicked. Efemera

THE INVESTMENT. 5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.



TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE in the British Isles desire an investment where their money is absolutely secure and which will ultimately be paid back to them pound for pound in cash, while they get a dividend of 5% per annum. Such an opportunity is presented to them in

5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.

The Government *guarantees* to repay, pound for pound, in 1919 or 1922, as the investor prefers, any amount invested in 5% Exchequer Bonds, and further will pay interest every six months at the rate of 5% per annum on the amount invested. Could any investment be more secure, or worthy of respect? Should you, at any time, desire to realise the Bonds, a banker, or any member of the Stock Exchange, will arrange the matter for you, or if you buy it through the Post Office, the Post Office will do it for you.

TO HOLDERS OF FOREIGN SECURITIES.

HAVE you examined your List of Foreign Securities to see whether you can help your country by selling some of them and thus be able to invest in 5% Exchequer Bonds?

DEATH DUTIES.

HAVE you invested sufficient money in 5% Exchequer Bonds to enable your Executors to pay all the Death Duties in this security? If you hold 5% Exchequer Bonds there will be no need for them to sell out stocks at a loss because 5% Exchequer Bonds are accepted as the equivalent for cash in payment of Death Duties.

EXCHEQUER BONDS ARE ALSO ACCEPTED AS THE EQUIVALENT OF CASH IN PAYMENT OF EXCESS PROFITS TAX OR MUNITIONS LEVY.

If you have £5 to £50 to invest.

YOU can get a Bond for £5 or for £20 or for £50 from any Money Order Post Office, or from a Banker, or your Local War Savings Committee will see that you get what you want.

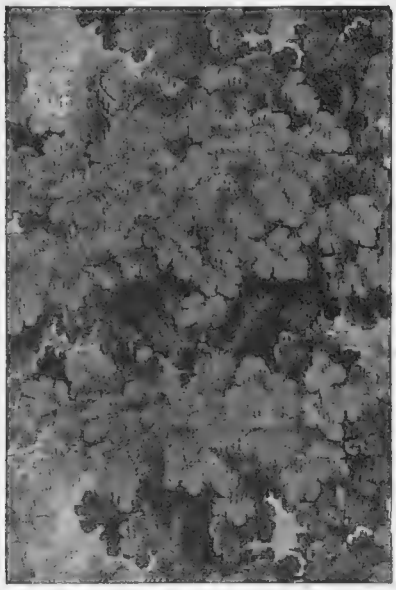
If you have £100 or over to invest.

GET a prospectus from any Stockbroker or Banker or send a cheque direct to the Bank of England. You can get either Bearer Bonds or Registered Bonds as your prefer. Interest on Registered Bonds is paid without deduction for Income Tax.

THEREFORE BUY 5% EXCHEQUER BONDS

The Safest Investment in the World.

HAMPTONS' New Pattern Books of WALLPAPERS



HAMPTONS' 'Savernake' WALLPAPER
A foliage design, in many pleasing tones of blue and warm grey. Per 9 yards piece, 6/-
For colourings, see Patterns sent free.

by the leading British makers will be sent on loan free of charge.

Book No. 1.—General Selection from 1/6 *to* 7/6 *per piece.*
Book No. 2.—Plain effects. Backgrounds, etc. From 1/6 *to* 7/6 *per piece.*

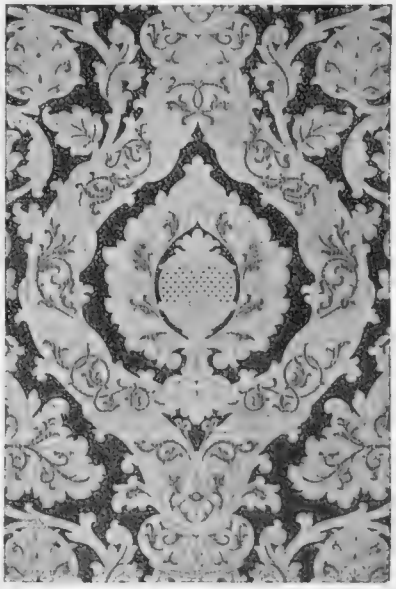
N.B.—Hamptons use adhesive paste, which has been expressly prepared to conform with the Food Controller's regulations.

Having recently added to their Staff a number of skilled Decorators and Painters, who are no longer eligible for military service, Hampton & Sons are now in a position to proceed without delay with any order for interior or exterior

DECORATING, Plain Painting, Paper Hanging, etc.

the total value of which does not exceed £500, that being the present limit as specified in the Regulations issued by the Ministry of Munitions.

Long distance is no hindrance. Work can be done hundreds of miles away as promptly as if it were in London.



HAMPTONS' 'Montrose' WALLPAPER
In black and greens on drab canvas ground. Per 12 yards piece, 5/-
For colourings, see Patterns sent free.

Hamptons pay carriage to any railway station in Great Britain.

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers

Pall Mall East, London, S.W. 1. and at Buenos Aires.

SERBIAN
CIGARETTES

Made of Finest Macedonian Tobacco,

and specially preparedaccording to the highest tests of Eastern connoisseurs.

EACH CIGARETTE TIPPED with the LEAF of a ROSE and DELICATELY PERFUMED ROSE and AMBAR.

Exquisitely Cool & Fragrant.

100 .	17s. 6d.	25 .	4s. 6d.
50 .	8s. 9d.	12 .	2s. 6d.

SEND 1s. 3d. FOR SAMPLE BOX.

Unscented, 7s. 6d. 100.; 3s. 9d. 50; 2s. 0d. 25.
Sample Box 7d.

THE SERBIAN CIGARETTE CO.,
25, REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

THE UNTEARABLE COMBINATION
PONCHO & GROUND SHEET

PRICE 32/6

Light in weight, yet strong and thoroughly waterproof, the fabric does not tear, is durable, and yields long service. It can be worn as a Rainproof Cape when standing or walking and as a Waterproof Double or Single Ground Sheet when resting or sleeping. When not in use it folds up into a small waterproof envelope, 9½ by 7 inches, weighing little over a pound.

TURNBULL & ASSER,
Military and Sporting Outfitters,
71-72, JERMYN ST., LONDON, S.W.
Telegrams: "PADDYWHACK, London." Telephone: 4628 GERRARD

Taken into Custody—

—and Taken under Cover

Books *of the* Week

A HUMORIST: AND SOME GOOD ADVICE

Ivan Heald

ANOTHER joyous personality to be blotted out. Poor Ivan Heald, of the *Express*, was killed in the air last December. Mr. Sidney Dark, a colleague, writes a preface to a little volume of Heald's collected whimsicalities—*Ivan Heald, Hero and Humorist* (Pearson: 3*s.* 6*d.* net). Heald came to London to be a reporter, but he must have been one of the worst reporters that ever were. Luckily, however, his editor was wise enough to see that if Heald were given his head he would provide a most satisfactory substitute for real reporting. Hence the delightfully funny articles here gathered together. Whether it was at home or abroad, in peace or in war, Heald could not be suppressed. He found humour everywhere, and allowed his fancy full play. A quaint little volume with a frontispiece by Mr. Edwin Morrow.

THE LATE IVAN HEALD

Killed in France while acting as an observation officer, a collection of whose writings is reviewed on this page

Letters to a Son

RATHER apart from, yet in the same boat with, the Reconstructionists, who are already getting busy with after-the-war problems, is J. R., author of *Letters from a Father to His Son* (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.* net). These letters were written in the years just previous to the war to a boy in his first year at the University, and it says much for them that they are not out of date to-day. The father pleads for a wider outlook generally. He will not have his son a snob, nor a wastrel, nor a hypocrite. Though he does not actually say so, he endeavours to show that the many so-called principles upon which men guide their actions are often no more than mere prejudices; and, evidently, he has no sympathy with party. In the old days of mangold-wurzels and things of that kind the Tory and the Radical were for ever strafing each other, and how stupid it all was the war has proved. These letters are never revolutionary and never ill-balanced. You may quarrel with one or two details, but on the whole they represent a sane, healthy criticism of life—at any rate, of life as it was just before the war. R. S.

For Summer Wear

Her Choice in "Norvic"

Note: N 39, illustrated, is a fine glacé kid shoe with patent toe-cap.

N 39

NORVIC

The Shoe de Luxe

SILKY and soft to the foot, but wonderfully durable, Norvic will outl st two pairs of ordinary shoes. They are made of the same quality material as before the War—that is the reason why. But to be sure they are Norvic, look for the Cathedral Trade Mark stamped on the sole.

Name and address of the nearest Agent and illustrations of other styles sent post free on application from the—

NORVIC SHOE CO., NORWICH.
(Howlett & White, Ltd.)

John Pound & Co.

FOR

LEATHER GOODS

AND

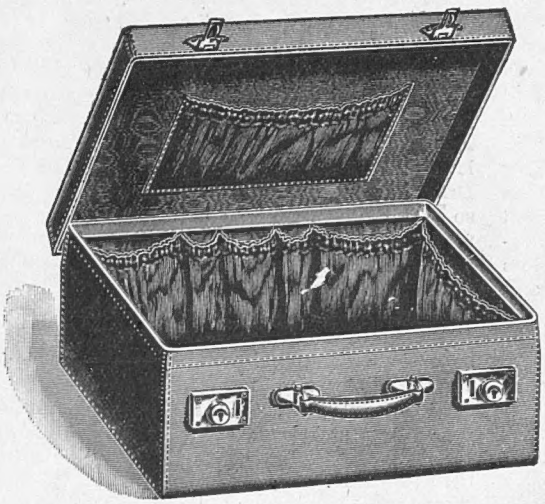
NOVELTIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Strong "SERVICE" KNIFE, SHEFFIELD STEEL Blades,
Aluminium handle.
Post **5/9** free.

SOLID GOLD LOCKET
Any Regimental Crest,
30/6
Neck Chain, **10/6**

Thoroughly Reliable.

THE "SERVICE" FLASH or MAP LAMP
complete with LEATHER Case for belt, **21/6**
Spare Batteries, 2/- each.
Postage Expeditionary Force, 1/-



Brown ROLLED HIDE
WEEK-END or EMPTY DRESSING CASE
with pockets to carry **OWN** FITTINGS.
18in., **61/-** 20in., **68/6** 22in., **76/-**

268-270, OXFORD ST., W. 1.
67, Piccadilly, W. 1. 187, Regent Street, W. 1.
81-84, LEADENHALL ST., E.C. 3.

POST ORDERS
receive
Careful and Prompt Attention.

COMBINATION CIGARETTE and TREASURY NOTE CASE,
long Pocket at back to carry cheque book.
Real Pigskin, **21/6** Velvet Calf, **25/6**
Postage, Expeditionary Forces, 6d.

The Posthumous Poems of A. C. SWINBURNE

Edited by E. GOSSE, C.B., and T. J. WISE, demy 8vo, 1/- net. Edition de Luxe (only a few copies remaining). **30/- net.**

Second Edition Now Ready.

The HOUSE of LYME

By THE LADY NEWTON. Royal 8vo, beautifully Illustrated. **21/- net.**

THE LATEST FICTION.

THE NURSERY
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. **6/- net.**

SECRET BREAD
By F. TENNYSON JESSE. **6/- net.**

POTTERAT & the WAR
By BENJAMIN VALLOTTON **5/- net.**

MARMADUKE
By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. **5/- net.**

ZELLA SEES HERSELF
By E. M. DELAFIELD. **6/- net.**

WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.

ZAIR'S

WHIPS, CANES

&c.

Write for Illustrated Price List of Whips, Sticks and Fly Whisks of every description.

C. & J. ZAIR, 115, Bishop St., Birmingham

"K" **BOOTS** in war-time are:

FIRST for the Allied Armies, both Officers & Men.
NEXT for the Civilian, so far as Army claims permit.
LASTLY, but little advertised, in deference to the Authorities, who insist on economy of paper and newspaper space during the War.
STILL "K" Boots and Shoes hold the field.

THE only colour a lady could use Absolutely harmless and undetectable. Is a skin food. Per Jar 3/-

CRÈME ROSE-EUGÉNIE.

"Sherlock Holmes would never see it save to belaud and admire."—*Sketch.*
"C'est merveilleuse, cette couleur naturelle."—*Lucienne Derwyle.*

Of Selfridges Chemists, etc. or post free plain wrapper from
THE B.Y. BALDWIN MFG. CO., Wigmore St. LONDON (sole makers of the world-famous Curlash Cream).
Sample 1/-.

SEEGEROL
FOR GREY HAIR
"You simply comb it thro"
Chemists & Stores every-where. **2s.** the bottle.

LUCKY FRANCE

French Advantages

QUAINT if in France the ordinary motorist can get an ostensible allowance of thirty-three gallons per fortnight, or can get authority to purchase that quantity. The fact that, in practice, it boils itself down to little over half the quantity still leaves the Frenchman in a very much more favoured position than his ex-perfidious friend, the Englishman. As for the French class A man and woman (munition merchants, doctors, and midwives—observe the midwife classification; it is highly important in France; it is going to be highly important here; but I doubt if the dignity of the profession would, even in a petrol sense, tolerate a classification of equality as between doctors and midwives) they hardly know any restriction at all.

***

On Scrapping Committees

I GATHER they know no petrol substitute at all in France; which is certainly not evidence of petrol shortage. You would be inclined to think that we should at least be as well off as France. There is no reason why we should be less well off. We ought to be able to do quite a lot on eight millions a day; and I dare say we could do a little more if we scrapped a dozen or two of our spending departments and abolished a hundred or so pretty useless committees—like the Petrol Committee; but, as the late lamented Li Hung Chang said, the British have a passion for committees, so that three people can hardly meet for a talk without first of all appointing a chairman and buying a minute book. It's a very orderly idea and very democratic, and there's nothing to be said against it in moderation; but it becomes a damp nuisance when the limit of moderation is exceeded as we have exceeded it. It makes for inefficiency and large expenditure.

***

'Bus Weight

LEONARD HENSLOWE views with dismay the suggestion of lighter motor omnibuses. So would I, if they were lightened without reduction of seating accommodation and without the provision of a proven margin of safety. The motor-'bus, even at its present weight, is top heavy, particularly in the summer. I join with Henslowe in support of a single-decker of the Parisian type. Those 'buses were built for motor traction. Our double-decked things must have been built by old horse-'bus manufacturers with the idea that, if the worst came to the worst, so far as the motor part was concerned, it might still be possible to lift out the machinery and harness up a couple of horses!

***

The Hand on the Plough

IN addition to motor tractors, the Agricultural Machinery Department of the Ministry of Munitions is calling for 8,000 horse-drawn ploughs, 2,000 cultivators, 2,000 seed drills, 5,500 harrows, 7,000 self-binders, and a lot of other things. That will convey an idea of the size of the hand which the Government has set to the plough. If from now on it never looks back we may be in time for the "fall" operations. I said "if!"

C.A.V. BRITISH MADE replacement BATTERIES for AMERICAN CARS. Instant starting. Faultless lighting.—Write for art folder, C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. Tel., Chiswick 2000.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING.—Half your Petrol Saved and a better light by having Spensers' Patent Duplex Carburetter fixed to your lighting generator (works with motor petrol).—For particulars apply to SPENSERS, Ltd., 53b, South Molton St., W.

HOBSON PLUGS (British made) are being supplied in large numbers to the Allies for use in the Mechanical Transport section and for Aeroplane engines.—Illustrated leaflet with description of types from H. M. HOBSON, Ld., 29, Vauxhall Bdg. Rd., S.W.

"'Twas a famous victory."

GRAND PRIX RACE

JUNE, 1912

(THREE LITRE CLASS)

1st SUNBEAM
2nd SUNBEAM
3rd SUNBEAM

DISTANCE ... ... 956 MILES
AVERAGE SPEED 65 M.P.H.

COUPE DE RÉGULARITÉ

WON BY SUNBEAM TEAM

Note:
THIS WAS A SCRATCH RACE—NOT A HANDICAP

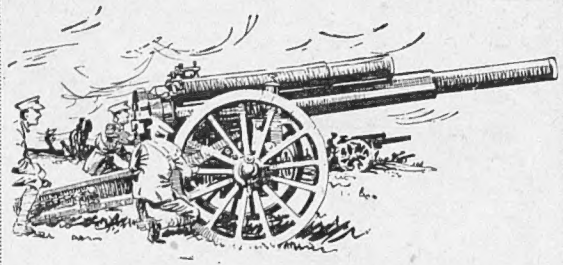
"Beyond doubt, the greatest feat in the history of motor racing."
Illustrated London News.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.
Head Office and Works - - Wolverhampton
Manchester Showroom - - 112, Deansgate
London and District Agents for Cars:
J. Keele, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W. 1.

¶

This advertisement, which appeared in 1912, is repeated to remind you of a Sunbeam performance that has never been equalled by any car.

A British Battery
for Efficiency and Reliability



C.A.V. BATTERIES figure on the World's finest cars, and, like our batteries at the front, are **PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL**

"Do you require a new British accumulator for your American car? Then go to the man who first made an accumulator in this country that would really stand the racket of the early motors."—C. A. VANDERVELL.

The best is not too good for you. Then why not have the best?

British C A V Made

C. A. Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
ACTON, LONDON, W.
PARIS - BIRMINGHAM - DUBLIN - MANCHESTER

Members of

Stellite Cars

INNOVATIONS embodied in the Post-War car will undeniably increase the popularity and high reputation gained by the Pre-War model.

ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR WAITING-LIST IMMEDIATELY

THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES CO., Ltd.,
Ward End Works, Birmingham.

London Agents— Wolseley Motors, Ltd., York St., Westminster, S.W. 1.

PROPRIETORS VICKERS LIMITED

Illustrated Naval Catalogue Post Free.

Security—Comfort—Distinction

These three essential qualities of a Naval Weatherproof are nowhere so successfully combined as in THE TIELOCKEN—the Burberry top-coat that is universally admitted to be "the finest safeguard the war has produced."

THE TIELOCKEN

made in special Burberry-woven and proofed material, is thoroughly workmanlike in every detail; distinguished in design; and doubly protects every vulnerable part of the body.

It is secure against all forms of wet, yet faultlessly self-ventilating—excludes downpours of heavy rain, saturating mist, or driving spray, yet is free from rubber, oiled-silk, or other unhealthy, air-tight fabrics—light and cool to wear on close days, and yet, owing to dense weaving, snug and warm in cold winds.

Another distinctive advantage is its quick adjustment. A strap-and-buckle holds it smartly and well—no buttons to fasten.

The collar of The Tielocken can be worn (1) open as illustrated; (2) closed to the throat like The Burberry; or (3) turned-up, when it forms a close-fitting storm collar that prevents any possibility of water trickling down the neck.

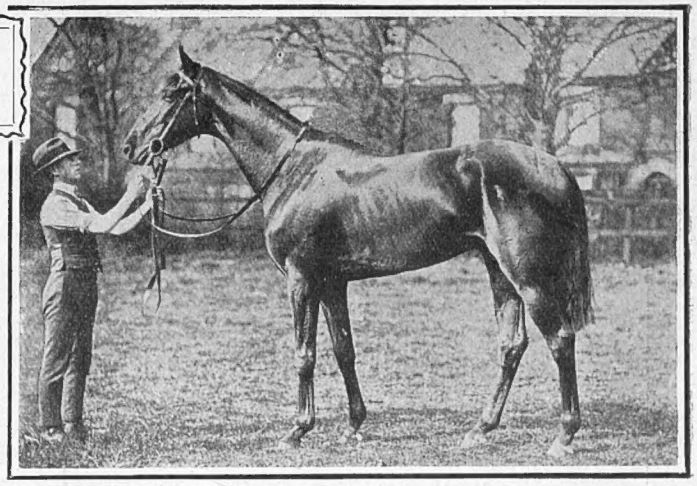
KIT BURBERRYS are experts in all branches of Naval Outfitting, and supply correct and well-tailored Uniforms, as well as every detail of dress and equipment, at reasonable prices.
Complete Kits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-to-Wear

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET LONDON

BD. MALESHERBES PARIS; AND AGENTS IN CHIEF NAVAL STATIONS

The Derby and Oaks

By "CARBINE"



MR. FAIRIE'S GAY CRUSADER

Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and a prominent runner for the New Derby next week

The Resumption

In one respect the recent suspension of racing in England by the Government for about ten weeks was a good thing for the Turf. It caused men who are interested in horse-breeding to combine and organise more effectively than they had ever done before, with the result that the importance of permitting a restricted amount of racing in war-time was clearly brought home to the authorities.

Classic Colts

At one time it looked as though we should have no Derby this year. Major Waldorf Astor was evidently under that impression when he sold his good colt, Magpie, to go to Australia. Happily racing has been resumed just in time to enable the best three-year-olds to be put to a convincing test, and on July 31 the New Derby will be run at Newmarket. Gay Crusader ought again to beat the horses that finished behind him in the Two Thousand Guineas, but, of course, the extra half-mile and the difference in condition may produce a complete change of form. Mr. Fairie has also entered Telephus. Dansellon's victory in the colours of Sir Hedworth Meux would be immensely popular, for the gallant Admiral was one of racing's staunchest advocates during the recent crisis. Lord D'Abernon has an excellent chance of winning his first Derby with that charming filly, Diadem.

Derby and Oaks Selections

Further interest is imparted to the New Derby by the presence of the Irish crack, Lisnalinchy, who is undoubtedly the best three-year-old in his own country. There has been a disposition to make him favourite, and he is sure to stay the course. My selection is **Dansellon**, who also stays well and is a rare "sticker." Dark Legend may run into a place. The New Oaks is to be run two days later, and I shall expect **Diadem** to repeat her One Thousand success. In her absence **Sunny Jane** would be my choice.

The Best I Have Ever Seen

Lutetian Cream is the "stuff" for the Army—it is so easy to use and gives such lasting effect. Rich, brilliant and deep is the polish; it softens and lubricates the boots and keeps the leather from cracking.

Lutetian Cream

An Officer writes:—Enclosed you will find P.O. for Lutetian Cream (dark) for Sam Browne belt and boots. It is most excellent stuff—the best I've ever seen.

MADE IN FOUR SHADES, TO SUIT ALL TASTES—LIGHT, DARK, EXTRA DARK, AND TONEY RED

Obtainable at all Expeditionary Force Canteens in France.

If any difficulty in obtaining, send for nearest retailer's address to—

E. BROWN & SON, Ltd.,
7, Garrick Street, London.

THE **THRESHER**

THE bed-rock facts about the "Thresher" Trench Coat are now as familiar to British officers as a Sam Browne belt. Its pre-eminence among campaign coats—its incomparable cut—its absolute impenetrability by wind or wet—its discouraging way with mud—and withal the comfort of it—all these attributes are now so widely known that the word "Thresher" has passed permanently into the vocabulary of modern war.

Note the new feature—

THE "MELCAM" WATERPROOF LINING

An inner lining this—proof against the worst that wind-borne wet can do—imperishable in its proofness—supple and pliant and uncrackable.

"Thresher" Trench Coat, unlined, £4 14 6

Detachable "Kamelcott" lining, £1 11 6

Detachable Sheepskin lining, £3 13 6

Cavalry type, with knee flaps and saddle gusset, **15/6** extra.

All sizes in stock. Send size of chest and approximate height, and to avoid any delay enclose cheque when ordering.

Send for Book 8—"The Complete Guide to Expenditure on Kit and Equipment."

THRESHER & GLENNY

Military Tailors since the Crimean War,

152 & 153, Strand, London, W.C. 2